



## A New Song Call'd the Rakeish Adventures of DANIEL O'NEIL

Come neibours draw near til I tell you a tale  
And you'll hear the adventures o' Daniel O'Neil.

How I lost my character my watch & my clothes  
And h- w that I was to gr at danger expos'd.

As my father had sent me to the town of Athlone  
My horses were loaded with barley & oats,  
I met a young quarel with 'oops in her tail  
She said yera Jack will ou give us a drin.

I lookt all groan and stood in amaze,  
I view'd all her flounces her, honnet and vell.  
She look'd so dill htful I could not refrain,  
I off'd her t-o if she'd come to per'ake,

Ob 'at what shall we do as the night is so late  
The shores are al close & and I fear we shal fail,

She said to the beerhouse we both shal start  
To a full diry jorum of doubl- refine'd

She brought me along til we came to a store;  
Where the signe of the typhive was over the doot  
The bees were hagmo toasty Soorting and plaining  
And the honey i gentionly praws from the grain,

we call'd for a dram of the very best sort  
And we thought to long til we'd begin the joik

We thought this young larrel would come to no use  
She just was in hum or so on for some mire,

We fell to the drink til the sunnes were down'd.  
Til I got so stup'd I fel to the ground.

The put out the candle and left me in the dark,  
They fled with me ne hev my cloathes and my watch

It was early the next morning I open'd my eyes,  
The dausel was gone and no tidings could find.

Not an atom at all did she leave on my bones,  
But me quite naked to shike wth the cold.

I began to bawl to god to send to shent,  
And I was so smart'd I'd wish I wa drown,  
The L nady open'd the doot of my cell  
And she fellin a qualt to see m. on my pelt.

They brought me an old trowsers all over'd with dust  
That was thrown on the lot since the time of the flood  
But as soon as I found myself able to evail,  
I ramseck'd the trowsers the done and the paws,

The people in m. lndes at the did scare,  
Not a shirt nor a coat nor a hat did I wear,  
Miss Patterson a don'd off to the J il  
By a guard of Police-men to be tried the next day

They hol'd my hands and my feet so severe  
I w'd think if you saw w I kill'd the Lord Mayor;  
Miss Patterson aware by her honour next day  
That I ran quite exposed in my skin throng the squar

y sentence was pass'd to go off to jail,  
And during six months forto mount the bl of mire  
Without bridie or saddle I jump'd on his back  
But she smather'd my shns when she began to trot  
When I was let go I came ba k to the shop  
To search for my money my cloathes and my watch  
Miss Sally was there yn a bit of a stree  
And she never let on that she ever seen me,

Hersell & her bulley, began for to shout,  
And whi'est th y w're talking y oung Sally got out,  
They gussie'd myself til I was n arly check'd,  
And they landed me out in th sink for to grope,  
It was then I bethought of my mothers aivise,  
To beware af night walking & be home in time,  
Like the prodigal son I was glad to be back  
But I stept in the pig house the dwelling was lock'd  
Next morning I humbly went to the door,  
And my f ther heask'd me wh t became of my cloathes  
He ask'd me what happen'd my f er & my nose,  
And h- a k'd m what became of the price of the oats  
I told him the truth for I knew it was best,  
Tho the crime was enomous my faults to confess  
I ask' him to grantme my pardon once more,  
And I'd try to indnster the loss to restore  
My mother stood up & she did me embrace,  
And she said that I never before disobey'd  
She supplicated my father for to forgive me